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In Memoriam

1881-1882

Ellice Sudduth-Byerly

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Alice Sudduth-Byerly.

In Memoriam.

1904
STATE REGISTER PRESS
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

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In Memoriam.

Alice Sudduth-Byerly, wife of Rev. A. C. Byerly, Presiding Elder of the Springfield District, Illinois Conference, died very suddenly Feb. 19, 1904, at Citronelle, Alabama, whither she had gone about two weeks before for rest and recuperation. Her husband arrived home with the body Sunday afternoon, Feb. 21. The casket was placed in the front parlor under a canopy of white lace work, and was almost immediately embowered in flowers which began to arrive from sympathizing friends. Among the many offerings were the following:

From the Official Board of First Church, a large double bouquet of red carnations; Mrs. Judge Creighton, bouquet of white carnations; Mrs. S. A. Bullard and family, bouquet narcissi; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cadwallader and daughter Imogen, of Lincoln, bunch red carnations; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Leaverton, bouquet red carnations; Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Prather, wreath pink carnations; Mrs. McLennan, bouquet lilies; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ralph, bouquet white carnations and pink roses; Mrs. Robert Young, potted fern; local W. C. T. U., loose bouquet white and pink carnations and red roses; Wilkin Chapter, Epworth League, of Lin-

coln, massive Greek cross, white roses, red and white carnations.

Monday forenoon, Feb. 22, an opportunity was afforded friends to look upon the face of the departed at the home, and a constant stream of sincere mourners passed in and out up to the hour of the funeral. At 2 o'clock the procession left the home for First Church, where the service was to be held, and where a large congregation had assembled. The pall-bearers were six ministers of Springfield District. They were Rev. H. B. Montgomery, Rev. J. A. Lucas, Rev. W. A. Boyd, Rev. A. C. Adams, Rev. W. D. Best and Rev. J. M. Eldredge.

Besides these, about twenty preachers from the district were in attendance.

The order of service at the church was as follows:

Hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," rendered by a quartette.

Scripture lesson, Rev. W. D. Best.

Prayer, Rev. J. A. Lucas.

Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," quartette.

Address by Dr. W. N. McElroy, pastor of Kummer Church.

Address by Dr. A. P. Stover, of First Church, Lincoln.

Address by Dr. W. A. Smith, of First Church, Champaign.

Hymn, "Rock of Ages," quartette.

Memoir, read by the pastor, Dr. N. G. Lyons.

Benediction.

ADDRESS OF REV. W. N. MCELROY.

We mingle our tears today with the tears of our sorely bereaved brother and his family. We weep with them. Our sympathy goes out to them, and to the far distant brother and sister. But, we mourn not for the departed. For her there is no occasion to weep.

She has entered into what St. Paul calls "gain." He said, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." We know for her it is "gain." Though to live, as she did, for Christ, has something in it of what Heaven is to be, yet beyond, to such as she, there is a gain in dying. The word declares that "those who die in the Lord are blessed." "They rest from their labors." "Their works follow them." Jesus said to His sorrowing disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions." (Home places, for that is the meaning of the word.) "If it were not so I would have told you."

"I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." To our departed sister, this word has been kept and she is with the Lord. I doubt not, being away from home, she looked forward day by day to the homecoming, and anticipated its joyful reunions. But it was not to be. Instead of that, she went to the heavenly home,

and is there today in one of those "home places" which Jesus had prepared for her. In one sense it might be said of her, being but in middle life, "Her sun went down while it was yet noon." And yet it did not go down. It was only eclipsed. death passed across its disk and hid it from our sight, but it shines on, mingling its light with the blaze of the eternal glory. Her life, devoted to helping others, was like a beautiful song. On this side its melody is hushed to our ears, but beyond our hearing its notes swell in sweeter melody and diviner harmony. Yet we do, like distant strains of sweet music, catch its echoes as it was sung in our midst. Like the sound waves, it trembles on; like the light of the dead star, it streams on; like the fragrance of flowers, it lingers long after their removal.

So we weep not for her, rather like the mother of the Wesleys, who requested of her children when she was dying, "We sing a hymn of praise to God, now that she is gone." You know with these long, dreary, winter months, with their storm and cloud and cold, how we long for the spring time with the bright sunshine, springing grass, opening buds, blossoms in the orchards, and singing of birds. So it is with this world and Heaven. She has gone to the spring land, where there are no clouds or storms, or chilling blasts, "where the inhabitants never say I am sick;" where "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, and where the sun shall no more light upon them, nor any heat, where the Lamb shall lead

them by fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Above the murky clouds which mantle the skies, the sun is always shining. It is light there. So it is here today. These bereaved ones are under the cloud, but she is in the light, crowned, and "washed in the blood of the Lamb." My acquaintance with Sister Byerly was not long nor intimate, yet I was impressed with her womanly and Christian character. I had met her years ago, also her parents and other relatives. She was born and reared in a cultivated Christian home. Her father was a successful and honored physician, her mother a refined and talented Christian lady, a sister of Rev. W. H. H. Moore, long a leading minister of our Conference.

Her parents were Presbyterians. She was brought up in that faith and denomination, and was religious from her childhood. Though she loved her church, she was broad and catholic enough to recognize and love all Christian people, and after her marriage united with the Methodist Episcopal church, and was as much at home as in the church in which she had been reared.

She was an educated and refined woman. She studied in the common schools, the State Normal University, and Mills College at Oakland, Cal., and was, in addition, a life long student, pursuing several outside courses of study. Many years of her life were spent in California, where her parents died. Her life and character seemed to have absorbed some of the light of those cloudless skies, and

the fragrance of that flowery land. She had a rare faculty of making friends.

She drew people to her. This was illustrated during her short stay in the South, where she was unexpectedly called away, so that while dying among strangers, loving hands ministered to her wants.

Intellectual in her tastes, reared in tenderness, yet constrained by love, she spent her life largely in drying the tears, soothing the sorrows, and lending a helping hand to those in need.

The flowers she carried to the sick were not more fragrant than her own spotless character and loving life. But she is gone from us, another evidence of our own mortality. But shall we only lament?

"Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose lives to Christ were given?
Gladly on earth their eyes they close
To open them in Heaven."

When, or where we die, matters not. A chariot took Elijah to Heaven, and a crown of life awaited the martyred Paul. Convoys of angels come to bear away the spirits of the saints. They were doubtless in Citronelle to receive the spirit of our departed sister. We separate here, but we shall meet yonder. The parting is painful, the meeting will be glorious. Blessed hope! Glorious expectation!

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

ADDRESS OF DR. A. D. STOVER.

LIFE FILLED WITH DEEDS OF GOODNESS AND MERCY.

The chord of grief and sorrow, touched by the hand of Death in the heart of our brother, resounded beyond the city of Springfield and the Springfield District, and on last Saturday night reached the city of Lincoln, causing both in the church and community universal expressions of surprise and sympathetic appreciation, and it was felt to be due Dr. Byerly, a former pastor, that a committee bearing the love of the church should be, as they are, present at this service.

Often in the springtime when the buds are bursting, as we walk through the woodland or meadow, our senses are greeted by some special fragrance or by the charming note of some unseen songster, and our steps are halted in a desire to understand the source of this fragrance, and to cultivate the acquaintance of the singer, so when in the order of my itinerancy, I came to Lincoln, I found there the fragrance of the spirit and the inspiration of the presence of her who lies so silent in this casket with the love-light gone from her eyes, the lips closed to accustomed messages of kindness. Sister Byerly was known in Lincoln, first, for her supreme unselfish devotion to the life-work of her husband. To come, as did she, out of the church home of another denomination and take her place beside her husband as a Methodist minister's wife,

was a very difficult task indeed. Yet the unfamiliar altar, because of souls led to Christ, became to her a sacred spot, and the class meeting, because of the glowing testimonies, a place of precious memories, the Epworth League services an opportunity to "lift up" to higher table lands the youth of the church. As a result, we here found a church thoroughly organized and filled with the Divine Spirit. In all this work Sister Byerly was both a helpmeet and a helpmate; recognizing that fact, we have no power to measure the loss and grief that have come to the heart of our brother to-day; as he is called to look into the face of his dead wife, there are chords of love and gratitude touched today that have never vibrated before. And these excellent qualities that so enriched her husband were also freely given to the Lincoln church—her gracious womanliness, her serene Christian faith, her invincible sweetness, the radiation of her spirit of purity, the constant appeal to the best qualities of her soul; these were her gifts to the Lincoln church, which caused her to be so beloved by all.

Second, Sister Byerly was known and beloved in Lincoln because of her deeds of goodness and mercy. In my pastoral work recently a widow told me how, in her great weariness from long watching by the bedside of her sick ones, Sister Byerly came with comfort in her presence, and kindness on her lips, and helpfulness; how she took away to the parsonage and kept all the day the little child that the over-wrought mother might

have needed rest, and to prepare her for her toil. In another place it was Sister Byerly who brought out of their despair and isolation two women, mother and daughter, who, overwhelmed by their sorrows, had buried themselves from society; it was Sister Byerly who won them back to associations sunny and congenial, who wiped away their tears and put a new song in their mouths. These are only samples of her contributions of helpfulness and love. There is a legend that comes to my mind, told of our Master. It is said that on the great festal days He was accustomed to go through the streets with His arms filled with lilies, saying gently, as He offered them with unspeakable grace: "Lilies, lilies, lilies of Nazareth." Sister Byerly did indeed distribute in deeds of kindness and mercy the Lily of Nazareth. In Lincoln we feel that her gentle spirit there shone with the mild radiance of a star in a clondless night.

Third, our church in Lincoln appreciated her deep interest in our splendid band of young people. When I came as pastor, it was she who called my attention especially to their work, and their needs; told of their earnestness, and their mutual love which was often manifested in many ways by our young people. For they came at times and sang songs of Zion beneath the parsonage windows. By the side of this casket so heavily draped with garlands, upon which are falling unavailing tears, rocking heavenward on the billows of Divine mercy, how precious are the echoes of the songs of love

and Christian fellowship in our mutual labor of love for our common Master.

It is natural, then, as has been suggested by the beautiful and eloquent words of Dr. McElroy, that we should look for her in the summer land of the soul, where today we confidently believe she beholds the face of Him who loved her, sought her, and bought her, with His own precious blood. Strange, mysterious fate is hers, that tomorrow the snows of winter are to rest on her grave, the flowers of spring to bloom above her, as she pillows her head in the dust; yet, that is soon our fate as well.

From her heavenly home she waits the coming of her earthly friends, and with unabated interest she weaves into perfumed garlands Heaven's choicest flowers with which to welcome and crown her beloved and her own.

ADDRESS BY REV. W. A. SMITH.

The announcement reached me Saturday that our dear sister had gone "the way of all the earth"—had been transferred from the membership of the church militant to the fellowship of "the church triumphant which is without fault before the throne of God." I was surprised and shocked. There was a suddenness about it which startled us all. A single step removed her from our midst and from our sight, to remain invisible until one by one we shall again be ushered into her pres-

ence. Yet in her failing health we all had warning of the approach of the grim messenger. This was well, for our sister had opportunity, though she hardly needed it, to prepare for the great change. This also slightly lessened the severity of the blow which the coming of the last foe has caused to descend on the heads and hearts of loved ones left behind. Yet the fact remains—a fact that must ever produce the keenest sorrow and most poignant grief, that the dear sister and beloved wife is dead. “Dead? There are no dead. ’Tis true many of our friends are gone. Singly they came, singly departed. When their work was done they lay down to sleep. But never one hath died. Forms may change, but spirit is immortal.”

God has another home, and other uses for His children than to keep them any longer than necessary out of Heaven. I suppose the dearest being in all this world and in all the universe to the great heart of God is His own and only begotten Son in whom He expressed Himself as well pleased. Next to him I believe He loves His saints who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of that Lamb. This love begins here and continues forever. So we read: “Having loved His own * * * he loved them unto the end.” And again: “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” And again: “I have loved you with an everlasting love.” Measured by this rule, our sister must have been one of His choice disciples, and her death unspeakably pre-

cious to Him, for she was certainly a Christian. A glance at her life will answer the question: "How did she die?" Spurgeon said: "The most important part of human life is not its end, but its beginning. Our death day is the child of the past; our opening years are the sires of the future." That is the only true preparation which begins early and continues late. Our sister gave her heart to God in her girlhood and was saved with God's great salvation. She endured to the end as seeing Him who is invisible, and was constantly saved with a greater salvation. At the last she pillowed her head on the promises of God, and is now saved at God's right hand with the greatest salvation. "God's finger touched her and she slept." She has been a woman of position and influence. She was for some time a superintendent in the national organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Whatever her position she was faithful and true in all relationships. She "adorned the doctrine of God our Savior in all things." The last few years of her life were given as the wife of an itinerant Methodist preacher. That is a most trying place for any woman to fill; but she filled it with credit to herself, to the honor of her husband and the church, and to the glory of God. The crucial test was perhaps in the home. Whitefield was once asked if a certain man was a Christian. "How do I know?" said he, "I never lived with him." Those who lived with our sister and who were most intimate with her, are most sure of her Christ-like virtues and graces.

She showed "out of a good conversation her works with meekness of wisdom—the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

She is not lost—only passed on to other realms. She has simply, like Paul, taken her departure. That means that she has gone to another and better home, for we believe she was ready to be offered when she went away. Since we must all go hence, it comes with infinite comfort that there is a hence of blessedness to which we can go. This is the home which Christ has gone to prepare for us and to which He so lovingly invites us. Beyond the sowing is the reaping; beyond the labor is the rest; beyond the battle is the victory; beyond the grave is the inheritance. Somewhere God is building His eternal kingdom. Into some haven of rest the pure in heart of all ages are gathered. There the sweet voices, lost to the earth, sing the new song. There the heart shall be satisfied with love, and the mind clothed in the garments of truth. There "God shall wipe all tears from all eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Then do not unduly grieve after her. Think of her as resting in the home of God. The lifeless form before you is not your loved one. She is at home with her Savior. "Blessed are the

dead"—not shall be—"who die in the Lord." They enter at once into some state of blessedness. Yet she may be here in spirit, today, shedding a blessed influence over you. She is living the larger life, and dwelling in the ampler abodes of the spirit land. We say, "She is dead." Angels may say, "She is just born."

It is hard to bear, I know, but it will not be so hard if you will just let the dear Lord bear it for you. Our dear brother is especially afflicted in the loss of a companion; but the same gospel, the same Savior, and the same all-sufficient grace which were hers, and which he has for years preached to others, can and will keep him. "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

God can and will, if you only permit Him, come in and fill up the places made vacant in your hearts and homes by this great bereavement.

"Ground yourselves on a strong immortal hope,
Which bears your mournful spirits up,
Beneath your mountain load.
Redeemed from death and grief and pain,
You soon shall find your own again,
Within the home of God."

The remains were deposited temporarily in the receiving vault at Oak Ridge, and subsequently cremated, in accordance with the wish of the deceased, and sent to Riverside, California, to be interred in the family lot in Olivewood cemetery.

The Memoir.

Alice L. Sudduth, daughter of Dr. James M. and Amanda Ashmore Sudduth, was born near Athens, Illinois, June 18, 1855. When about eleven years of age her parents removed to Normal, Illinois, for the purpose of educating their children. Here, and at Bloomington, the family lived for twenty years. She received her education in the public schools and Normal University, afterward taking a course at Mills College, Oakland, California. Returning to her native state, she pursued an extensive course in instrumental music at the Illinois Wesleyan University, and was an accomplished musician. She espoused with enthusiasm the work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and completed a four years' course in that people's university, graduating in the class of 1886, on which occasion she was present and received her diploma from the hands of the founder of this great institution, Dr., now Bishop, John H. Vincent. She was from her childhood an earnest Christian, and like thousands of other Christian young women, she was captivated by the genius and enthusiasm of Frances E. Willard, that Joan of Arc of the temperance reform, and laid all her gifts on that altar.

In 1887 she removed with her parents to Colton, in Southern California, and spent eleven happy and useful years in that land of flowers.

For several years she was National Superintendent of the Flower Mission Department of the W. C. T. U., and under her administration it continued, as it had ever been, a great evangelistic agency. Unnumbered gifts of flowers, with appropriate Scripture texts attached, were distributed in prisons, hospitals, and sick chambers, and only the great day will reveal how many were led to Christ through these beautiful ministrations.

The great number of consumptives who sought that genial clime, often only to die far from home and among strangers, greatly aroused her sympathies, and, like Mary Reed among the lepers, she went about with her fruits and flowers, and cheering words, among the victims of the white death, until her friends remonstrated, lest she contract the dread disease herself. But it had become a passion with her, and, as long as she remained in California, she continued these unselfish ministrations, and was wont to say that some of the sweetest blessings of her life had been received in hospitals and sick chambers, where the Master seemed to say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me." It is a singular providence of God, that she herself should die far from home, and that strangers should minister to her, and cover her bier with flowers.

Her father and mother both died in California, and the beautiful home among the orange trees and flowers was broken up.

Soon after her mother's death, in 1898, she re-

turned to Illinois, greatly chastened, but more beautiful in spirit, than ever before.

On the 15th day of May, 1900, she was united in marriage to Rev. A. C. Byerly in Springfield.

With such intelligence, consecration, and tact, as she possessed, she could not fail to be a helpmeet in the ministry. She presided with grace and dignity in the parsonage, and made a happy home for her husband and his children.

In the church at Lincoln, where her husband was pastor at the time of her marriage, she won her way to the hearts of the people, and was greatly beloved in the church and out of it. To the young people of the Epworth League she was an inspiration. Under her direction, the methods of the Flower Mission were applied in the Department of Mercy and Help, with the most blessed spiritual results.

She became an enthusiast in the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. "The Gospel in All Lands," "World-Wide Missions," "The Woman's Missionary Friend," and the "Missionary Review of the World" came regularly to her desk, and were read and studied daily.

She knew what was going on in the uttermost parts of the earth, and her prayers and sympathies went out to all who toil in heathen lands. She watched with absorbing interest the development of our work in the Philippine Islands, and often said if she were a young woman, she would respond to the Macedonian calls of Dr. Homer Stuntz for help in that field so white for the harvest.

About a year ago, she had a very severe sickness, from which she never fully recovered. A long siege of the grip in the early part of the winter left her much debilitated, and it seemed impossible for her to regain her strength in this rigorous climate, and she longed for sunny California. But, as her husband was going out in May to the General Conference, she preferred to wait and go with him. So it was decided that she should go down to Citronelle, Alabama, and stay a few weeks.

On the 6th day of February she arrived there, and for ten days revelled in the balmy air and glorious sunshine, and seemed to be rapidly recuperating.

She wrote the most cheerful letters home telling of her progress, but in the midst of so much promise she was suddenly prostrated with a severe bilious attack on Feb. 16. Various complications developed, and she grew alarmingly worse, till Friday morning, Feb. 19, when she peacefully passed away, being at the time of her death in the middle of her forty-ninth year.

So sudden was the culmination of her illness, that her husband, who had started on the first notification of danger, did not reach her bedside until many hours after her demise.

Though she died among strangers, she had every possible attention, a trained nurse who never left her for a moment, and the best medical skill that could be obtained.

In her brief stay in Citronelle, as was her way,

she made some lovely friends, who were untiring in their kindly ministrations. To them she talked beautifully of her religious life, and of her immortal hope in Jesus Christ. She knew the end had come, and was ready and radiant. She was conscious to the last, and smiled gratefully when told that her husband was coming.

The nurse said she was the gentlest, most submissive patient she had ever taken care of in her life. She did not die. "She fell asleep in Jesus." She was converted when a child, and united with the Presbyterian Church, to which her parents belonged, and remained in that communion a faithful witness for Christ, until her marriage, when she transferred her membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is now gone to the church "triumphant, which is without fault before the throne." Those who suffer irreparable loss are her husband and his children, Gertrude, Laurence and Julia, whom she loved as her own, a brother, Dr. William X. Sudduth, of Billings, Montana, and a sister, Miss Margaret A. Sudduth, of Los Angeles, Cal., well known as managing editor of the Union Signal at Chicago for many years, and hosts of friends in this and other states who loved her for her works' sake.

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll catch the meaning of our tears
And, there, sometime we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began,
Heaven will the mysteries explain
And there, Ah there, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun,
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we longed for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, some'ime we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand,
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see,
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.



Condolences.

FROM A GREAT MANY SYMPATHETIC MESSAGES AND RESOLUTIONS, A FEW
ARE APPENDED AS CHARACTERISTIC OF ALL.

From the Springfield District Woman's Foreign Mis-
sionary Society.

Dear Brother Byerly:

While we know that words seem empty in such a sorrow as yours, we feel that we must thus express to you the heartfelt sympathy of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the District.

We wish you to know that we shall always hold in loving remembrance the many times Mrs. Byerly and yourself have responded to our calls for help and counsel. All through the coming years, as we send "the gospel into all lands," we will remember that it is through the efforts of our Presiding Elder and his associate ministers, that we have a base of supplies both temporal and spiritual to draw upon for our work.

Wishing always to be remembered as sorrowing with you in your sorrow, for in Mrs. Byerly we had a kind, loving friend, upon whom we depended for counsel and guidance,

Very sincerely,

MRS. S. F. RIDGEWAY,
District President.

MISS E. L. SINCLAIR,
District Secretary.

From the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of
First Church, Springfield.

Dear Brother Byerly:

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of First Church desires to express to you our sympathy in the great loss that has come to you in the death of your estimable wife.

We had not the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Byerly, but we learned from others who had that privilege of her earnest work in behalf of the women of Christless lands, as well as her work for the Master in many other lines. We know how empty words are in such an hour, and how meaningless to a heart in sore bereavement, yet our lives would be almost unbearable, without the kind and loving sympathy of Christian friends, when the death angel comes into our homes.

We rejoice in the fact that the dear Savior who has given you grace to bear so bravely much of sorrow, will still be your refuge and sustaining comforter in this great bereavement.

In behalf of the society,

MRS. ALEX. PRINGLE.



From the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of
Lincoln, Ill.

Dear Brother Byerly:

At the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society yesterday, we were appointed a

committee to convey to you our profound sympathy in your sad bereavement.

At the close of the program a brief memorial was held for Sister Byerly. Our pastor, Brother Stover, told us the particulars of her last illness and of the funeral service. Over fifty ladies were present, and their tearful eyes bore silent testimony to the deep affection cherished for Sister Byerly, and appreciation of her work while she was with us. The memory of Sister Byerly will remain with our society as that of a noble Christian woman, who ardently loved the missionary cause, as well as every other good work, and the fragrant influence of her life will abide as a precious memory with us. We realize that a great loss has come to you and your home, and in behalf of the Society we extend to you in this sad hour our tenderest sympathies, and pray that our Heavenly Father will sustain and comfort you.

Numbers 6:24, 25, 26.

MRS. W. P. WAKEMAN,
MISS EVA KETCHAM.



Epworth League Resolutions, Lincoln, Ill.

Inasmuch as it hath pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from her earthly home our beloved sister, Alice Sudduth-Byerly; and

Whereas, We tenderly condole with the family of our deceased sister in their hour of trial, we devoutly commend them to the keeping of Him

who tenderly watches over the loved ones, who are left to mourn; and

Whereas, we can but bow in grief and submission to His will, who doeth all things well, comforted by the hope of a reunion in the better world, where there are no partings, and the knowledge that our beloved sister is sweetly resting in Jesus; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Wilkin Chapter, Epworth League, do hereby extend our deepest and truest sympathy to the bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That we present a copy of these resolutions to the family and cause the same to be spread on our minutes.

WILKIN CHAPTER, EPWORTH LEAGUE.

IMOGEN CADWALLADER, Secretary.



From the Springfield Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Rev. A. C. Byerly and Family:

Dear Friends: The Springfield Woman's Christian Temperance Union hereby tenders to you sincerest sympathy on "the going away" of one who was so dear to you. I think I can say that all who knew Alice Sudduth-Byerly loved her. As you know, she was formerly the Superintendent of the Flower Mission Department of the National W. C. T. U., appointed by Miss Willard herself, which action was confirmed by the Executive Committee, and afterward by the National Convention.

It goes without saying, that Mrs. Byerly, then Miss Sudduth, made an ideal officer. The National motto for the Flower Mission is "Something white, something bright, and something sweet." We have endeavored to carry out this idea in the slight floral token of our love for the departed (promoted) which is offered today.

In behalf of the Central W. C. T. U.,

MRS. GEORGE CLINTON SMITH.



From the Woman's Relief Corps, Lincoln, Ill.

Dear Brother Byerly:

The members of the Woman's Relief Corps, this city, desire me, as Secretary, to assure you of their deepest sympathy in your irreparable loss. We feel that we have lost one whose presence in memory we shall ever be proud to recall, as a member of our society. She was an honor, and an example to us of pure friendship, noble generosity and unsullied life.

It seems as if an angel noiselessly swung open the gate, and she entered the "City Beautiful." We know the One whom you have served so long and faithfully will sustain you.

In behalf of the Woman's Relief Corps.

CLARA WILDMAN, Secretary.

The Interment in California.

(From the Riverside Daily Press.)

On Friday afternoon, March 11, occurred from the residence of Lyman Evans on Fourteenth street the funeral of a woman worthy of more than a passing notice. Mrs. Alice Sudduth-Byerly, wife of Presiding Elder Rev. A. C. Byerly, of Springfield, Illinois, recently passed away, and in accordance with her wish, the remains were cremated and brought to Riverside to be laid to rest beside her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. James M. Sudduth, in Olivewood cemetery.

Dr. Sudduth and family were prominent residents of Bloomington, Ill., for many years, but for several years before his death, in 1895, they had lived in Colton, Cal.

In 1898, on the death of Mrs. Sudduth, the daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Margaret, returned to Illinois, where Miss Alice soon afterwards became the wife of Rev. A. C. Byerly, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mrs. Byerly had been for three years before her marriage one of the National Superintendents of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, holding the responsible position of the head of the Flower Mission Department. Both her work and her reputation were national, and she and her sister, Miss Margaret Sudduth, (who for many years of its palmy days was managing editor of the Union Signal), were among the strong women who were gathered about Miss

Frances Willard in her later years. Delegations of ladies representing the Unions of San Bernardino, Colton and Riverside, attended the funeral services, and in addition to the appropriate floral designs offered by the societies, the tributes of flowers were many and beautiful.

The services were in charge of Rev. Mr. Gander, of San Bernardino, and Rev. B. S. Haywood, of Riverside, and were conducted in the cemetery. The words of the ministers were eloquent of the good deeds of the strong, loving woman, and as the friends departed, the clouds that had overshadowed the afternoon broke away and the evening sunshine fell as a benediction on the scene.

Miss Roslyn Sargent, of San Bernardino, brought her garland of beautiful song and rendered "Asleep in Jesus" and "Abide With Me," in sweetest strains. Miss Margaret Sudduth and her cousin, Miss Laura C. Sudduth, of Normal, Illinois, who are passing the winter in Los Angeles, were the only relatives present. Rev. Mr. Byerly was not able to leave his charge for the long journey at this time, but will visit Riverside in May, when he attends the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Los Angeles as a delegate from his Conference.

From First M. E. Church (Riverside) Bulletin.

Friday afternoon, March 11, the final service over the remains of Mrs. Alice Sudduth-Byerly was held. She was the wife of Rev. A. C. Byerly, D. D., Presiding Elder of the Springfield, Ill., District, dying in Alabama last month, whither she had gone in search of health. She was well known in Riverside in former days and was a true spirit, the fragrance of whose life encircles many homes. As a minister's wife she measured up to her mission and faithfully performed her work. Long has she known the Christ and in His service she has spent her life.

May the Comforter speak His peace to these many stricken hearts.





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ALICE SUDDUTH-BYERLY, SPRINGFIELD



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"Until the day dawns
And the shadows flee away,"